

# LIBERTY IN THE SUDS;

OR,

## MODERN CHARACTERS.

In a LETTER to a Friend.

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By THEOPHILUS HOGARTH, Gent.

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Quo, quo, scelesti, ruitis. HOR.



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L O N D O N :

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LIBERTY AND JUSTICE

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T O

G— A-L-L-N, ESQ;

 O you, retir'd from smoke and noise,  
To taste kind Nature's sober joys,

What shall I write? or why impart,

To rouse the passions of the heart,

The various topics of debate,

Private cabals, or feuds of state,

And all the trumpery display,

That reigns the subject of the day?

Would you not rather shut your eyes,

Than look on what you must despise?

B

Let

Let *Kidgel* argue all he can,  
 The inconsistency of man  
 Is best conceal'd, for, take my word,  
 You'll ne'er find honey in a t—.

Me rigid Fortune, fickle Queen,  
 Confines to this tumultuous scene,  
 Born to no prospect of estate,  
 But doom'd to watch the smiles of Fate.  
 For you, on whose auspicious head,  
 A kinder star its influence shed,  
 Free from dependency's controul,  
 The fetters of a liberal soul,  
 Oh! fly the town, this cursed place,  
 Where awful Truth's ingenuous face  
 Is seldom seen, where knaves obtain  
 What honest merit sues in vain ;

Where



Where foul Hypocrisy's disguise  
 Deceives our very ears and eyes ;  
 Where men opinions change, and friends,  
 Just as it serves their various ends ;  
 Where he, whose sentiments too nice,  
 Disdains t'adopt the motley vice,  
 Exists on those conditions hard,  
 That *Virtue is its own reward*.  
 Or should, among the many great,  
 Be found, who, to a better fate  
 Would call desponding merit forth,  
 And raise it equal to its worth,  
 What obstacles may intervene  
 Before his L—d—p can be seen ?

“ Sir (says the man, from whom we feel  
 The pleasing hopes of future weal,

Who

Who oft has caus'd a sweet entrancement,  
 And airy visions of advancement)  
 " You'll know ere long what I intend :  
 " Mean time, be sure I'll prove your friend."  
 Poor simple Truth, that, void of art,  
 Thinks this the language of the heart,  
 Feels nameless transports warm the breast,  
 And deems itself already blest ;  
 Exults—at what will never come,  
 And rich in thought, enjoys the *hum*—  
 Vain hope ! experience, soon or late,  
 Shall shew, how wretched is the fate  
 Of him, who (hapless man !) depends  
 On empty promises of friends ;  
 Shall teach him, words were only meant  
 T'amuse, no more—mere compliment !

Ah !

Ah! woful truth! did Heav'n for this,  
 Give reason and superior blifs?  
 Each godlike faculty impart,  
 With language—to bely the heart?  
 Instructed thus, th'ingenuous mind,  
 In modish vice not yet refin'd,  
 Nor taught, to deal about at will  
 Vast hopes, he means not to fulfil,  
 With gen'rous pride, indignant flies  
 The haunts of Falshood and Disguise,  
 And scorns a mean dependance there,  
 Where truth and honor have no share.

Not so repuls'd, the fawning knave,  
 By turns a tyrant or a slave;  
 Who (pliant soul!) a face can wear,  
 As best befits, of joy or care;

Can foam with rage, when *Fabius* boils,  
 Or grin, whene'er his Honour smiles :  
 Assents to all, with oily tongue,  
 That black is white, and right is wrong:  
 Who, if in trifles, this or that,  
 A monkey or a tabby-cat,  
 His patron shou'd a fortune waste,  
 Wou'd praise his excellence of taste.  
 A wretch like this will raise his head,  
 When truth goes supperless to bed.

Oh! come, *Hypocrisy*, kind dame,  
 Thou guide to fortune and to fame,  
 Teach me each necessary wile,  
 The lowly cringe, th'obsequious smile,  
 And all the *namby pamby* strain,  
 That marks the minions of thy train.

Or



Or if in vain thy force I try,  
 Let *Impudence* thy place supply ;  
 Thy sister born, (a common case)  
 Tho' not alike in shape and face.  
 Hail *Impudence*, tremendous name,  
 As great in action and in fame,  
 Come with resistless pow'rs endue,  
 As e'er the sons of *Liffy* knew,  
 Nay ev'n a front as shameless send,  
 As that of *C—b—ll* or his friend ;  
*C—b—ll*, who surely, at a push,  
 Might put the devil himself to th'blush.  
 In vain I ask, in vain implore,  
 On him thou'lt lavish'd all thy store.  
 He, happy man, by both belov'd,  
 The pow'rs of both at once has prov'd :

But

But as together still we see,  
 That two so great can ne'er agree,  
*Hypocrisy* at last has fail'd,  
 And matchless *Impudence* prevail'd.

Now, like a bull, his fetters broke,  
 Disburthen'd of the gospel-yoke,  
 He roars, and riots thro' the streets,  
 And fearless, at each head he meets,  
 Prophanely dares his ordure fling,  
 A L—d, a B—p, or a K—g.

Oh shame! shall he, whose spotted soul,  
 Not heav'ns sworn vengeance can controul,  
 Shall he, who, with unequall'd face,  
 Avows himself a foe to grace,  
 Discards all rule, and boasts his plan,

\* *To live as merry as he can;*

• See the Ghost, Book IV.

Whose

Whose ev'ry action fairly shewn,  
 Ev'n infamy might blush to own,  
 Thus profit by an impious muse,  
 And feed on scandal and abuse ;  
 At others vices dare to rage,  
 Himself the *Zoilus* \* o' th' age ?

And lo ! another well-known name,  
 Alike in manners and in fame,  
*W*—s ! doom'd by th' impulse of his fate,  
 A scourge to ministers of state,  
 Who, lifted in his country's cause,  
 Stands forth the guardian of her laws,  
 Her sinking *Liberty* to save,  
 A *Catiline*, but scarce so brave.  
 See ! from each corner of the town,  
 The ragged mob come swarming down !

\* Non vitiosus homo es, Zoile, sed vitium. MARTIAL.

From *Wapping*, *Smithfield*, forth they fally,

Each narrow lane and dirty alley ;

From *Billinggate* behold they come !

Each link-boy, black-shoe boy, and strum,

And throng to *Westminster* away,

To learn the process of the day.

*Crispin* limps out with wooden leg,

Leaving the business of the peg,

And joins the busy croud, to wait

This crisis of his future fate ;

On which the welfare of his friends,

His country, and his *all*, depends.

Quoth Master *Soot*, ‘ This case, d’ye see,

‘ Decides th’affair of Liberty.

‘ This dauntless man, this heart of steel,

‘ Seeks not his own, but public weal ;

His



- ‘ His private los, you see, but small,  
 ‘ Compar’d to what concerns us all.  
 ‘ A bawdy book—a lady’s note—  
 ‘ The whole, perhaps, not worth a groat.  
 ‘ ’Tis not these things he minds, d’ye see,  
 ‘ He wants to set the nation free.  
 ‘ For instance now, suppose I meet  
 ‘ A lord, or even the K—, i’ th’ street,  
 ‘ Suppose I come behind his back,  
 ‘ And daub him with my footy sack,  
 ‘ Shall I, free-born, a *Briton* brave,  
 ‘ Be seiz’d, imprison’d like a slave?’  
 Quoth *Crispin*, ‘ Hold—good Master *Soot*,  
 ‘ You have not made it rightly out.  
 ‘ Suppose we now, to make it clear,  
 ‘ A man lies murder’d, here or there,

Suppose

' Suppose the Justice, and his clan,  
 ' Have cause to think that I'm the man :  
 ' For this, shall these intruding fools  
 ' Break in, and rifle all my tools ?  
 ' This freedom ? no. I say, my stall  
 ' Shou'd be my castle, fort, and all.'

Thus *Crispin*—while the gaping throng,  
 Who drank the music of his tongue,  
 Pronounc'd his observation clear,  
 And all huzza'd, *W*—, *W*— for ever !

But hark ! the noise o' th' ragged band  
 Proclaims the hero just at hand.

See ! how he comes with manly stride,  
 His breast elate with conscious pride,  
 To view his children round about,  
 Some blest'd with shirts, but more without ;

But

But what are cloaths, to living free,  
 Or shirts, compar'd to *Liberty*?  
 See! how they strain their eager jaws,  
 Who shall be loudest in applause!  
 See! how in air their hats they toss,  
 Whilst, like *Shebeare* at *Charing-Cross*,  
 With equal modesty of face,  
 With equal dignity and grace,  
 Cautious his favours to divide,  
 He bows, by turns, on either side.  
 And thus, if looks our thoughts betray,  
 The patriot-hero seem'd to say—

‘ My honest countrymen and friends,  
 ‘ This day, you see, we’ve gain’d our ends,  
 ‘ Vanquish’d the great *united three*,  
 ‘ And set the *Magna Charta* free.

E

‘ To

‘ To have these public evils cur’d,  
 ‘ What have I dar’d, and what endur’d ?  
 ‘ For you, my countrymen belov’d,  
 ‘ At *Bagshot* first my zeal was prov’d ;  
 ‘ A circumstance well known, that there  
 ‘ Our pistols were discharg’d—i’ th’ air.  
 ‘ And, but that you, to freedom born,  
 ‘ (Your patriot dead, and you forlorn)  
 ‘ Might want me on some future day,  
 ‘ My well-known prowess to display,  
 ‘ \* I ne’er had baulk’d a cause so good,  
 ‘ Till slain, or satisfy’d with blood.  
 ‘ For you, in striving but t’oppose  
 ‘ The current of establish’d laws,

\* Alluding to his declaration to *Forbes*, that his life was of too much  
 consequence to his country, to be risked in single combat.



- ‘ See the damn’d insolence of pow’r !
- ‘ I’m seiz’d—conducted to the *Tow’r* !
- ‘ And there, how hard a patriot’s lot !
- ‘ Worse treated than a *Rebel-Scot*.
- ‘ Admittance for my friends deny’d ;
- ‘ My table too but ill supply’d ;
- ‘ E’en *Lovat* serv’d with better wine,
- ‘ And what *his* feats compar’d to *mine* ?
- ‘ A close guard plac’d upon my door,
- ‘ Not suffer’d ev’n t’ enjoy my w—
- ‘ Oh! ignominy! fordid fate!
- ‘ Is this a prisoner of state?
- ‘ At home, such doings in my house,
- ‘ As if all hell were there let loose.
- ‘ My papers rummag’d—stol’n away,
- ‘ A loss th’ Exchequer can’t repay.

• But

' But here, in presence of you all,  
 ' I swear, by sacred Honour's call,  
 ' *Tyler, Straw*, and ev'ry name,  
 ' That's blazon'd on the roll of Fame;  
 ' Men who had souls above the laws,  
 ' Who nobly bled in freedom's cause;  
 ' By *Magna Charta's* self I vow,  
 ' Which rascal statesmen wou'd undo,  
 ' I'll on—unaw'd by slavish fears,  
 ' Till gain'd my point, or lost my ears.'

He said—when ready, at his side,  
 Stood *C—b—ll*, long in scandal try'd,  
 Like Satan's envoy, to be sent  
 On any shameful black intent;  
 And just when halloo'd to, to fall  
 Alike on wolves, sheep, lambs and all:

With

With charge to fan the factious fire,  
 Nor tamely suffer now t'expire  
 The flame, he'd try'd so long to raise  
 To such a gen'ral glorious blaze.

But say, my Muse, nor ought conceal,  
 Tho' Virtue trembles to reveal  
 That name, so long her boast and pride,  
 In her defence so often try'd;  
 That name, oft grac'd with just applause,  
 Now mention'd in so mean a cause,  
 Did not, amid the throng appear,  
 Wide wander'd from it's native sphere,  
 A star misguided by the flame,  
 Of this poor *ignis fatuus*?— shame!  
 That honour's *Temple*, thus disgrac'd,  
 Thus cheap, thus common, self-debas'd,

Of late, so valued thro' this isle,  
 Shou'd now to purposes so vile,  
 Converted be— an altar, where,  
 Its veriest offal may repair,  
 There offer up, in loud huzza's,  
 The filthy incense of their praise.  
 Say, could a noble soul thus stoop,  
 Meanly t'enjoy the rabble—hoop?  
 Or say, cou'd wisdom seem to prize,  
 What common prudence wou'd despise?  
 Cou'd loyalty partake the joys,  
 Of uproar, and seditious noise?  
 And say, cou'd thus his country's friend,  
 So far beneath himself descend,  
 Thus his own fame and merits rob,  
 And join the champion of a mob?

What



What inconsistency is man?  
 How vague, how changeable his plan!  
 Thro' Nature's volume look, you'll find,  
 Each for the various ends design'd,  
 Acts uniform—The lion's brood,  
 The desert prowls in search of food;  
 The fox his destin'd prey beguiles,  
 And lives by stratagem and wiles;  
 While herds and flocks, a harmless train,  
 Still haunt the flow'r-enamell'd plain:  
 Man, man alone, of all we see,  
 Is constant in inconstancy.

Say, for his levity of mind,  
 What specious cause can be assign'd?  
 A principle inherent? No;  
 Tax not, with thought so mean, so low,

Heav'n's

Heav'n's matchless bounty, that bestow'd  
Gifts not unworthy of a God.

But, when caprice and passion join'd,  
Usurp the conduct of the mind,  
From reason snatch the reins away,  
And govern with despotic sway:  
Hence inconsistency proceeds,  
Hence triumphs Vice, while Virtue bleeds.  
Not so the man, whose soul refin'd,  
No chance can move, no passion blind,  
Who still his course by honour steers,  
And, spite of fortune, perseveres.  
Tho' angry Fate, with fullen frown,  
And hand oppressive, weighs him down;  
When nameless evils thick pursue,  
When credit sinks, and friends are few;

When

When ev'ry worthless knave and fool,  
 To guard his pence, looks shy and cool :  
 Ev'n woes, like these, can ne'er controul,  
 The settled purpose of a soul,  
 To honour fix'd; renouncing this,  
 Tho' fortune points the road to blifs,  
 On shameful terms in vain she woes him,  
 To quit that virtue, which undoes him.

    If indigence, when thus oppress'd,  
 Can wear an unpolluted breast,  
 Thro' ills on ills its course pursue,  
 What might not independance do?  
 But hold—wrapt up in contemplation,  
 The muse, unfinish'd her relation,  
 Thus far has wander'd indiscreet,  
 And left her hero in the street.

But ah! how can she bear to tell,  
 The dire mishaps that since befel.  
 His labours—patriotic care,  
 And all his vows dissolv'd in air.  
 Ye sons of riot, order's foes,  
 That scorn the curb of vulgar laws,  
 Ye whores, pimps, thieves (severe decree!)  
 Who now shall dare to set you free?  
 In gratitude, prepare the pall,  
 And, *Crispin*, hang in black thy stall,  
 Join in one universal moan,  
 Your *W*— is gone—for ever gone.  
 Fled for relief in air more pure,  
 For wounds this clime can never cure.

Why on the day, which *Freedom* bled,  
 Still in their tombs repos'd the dead?

Why



Why did not wond'rous things appear,  
 To shew her dissolution near?  
 The weeping deity to save,  
 Why stalk'd not \* *Sydney* from the grave?  
 Why flash'd not dreadful lightnings round,  
 And drops of blood distain the ground?  
*Oh! strange to tell! not ev'n an owl*  
*Was heard to scream, or dog to howl.*

\* See Churchill's Duellist.

F I N I S.